

Suppose the Girl You Had Proposed To Asked:

"Do You Want Children?"
"Must I Quit My Job?"
"Do I Lose My Individuality?"

What Sort of Love Does the Modern Woman Want Anyway?

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall.
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What Is the New Courtship—and Why?

THAT is the first of three interesting questions answered by Margaret Oulkin Banning, in her novel of up-to-the-minute romance, "This Marriage," published by George H. Doran.

Anybody who has watched the love affairs of the Modern Girl realizes that for her the intoxication of moonlight is certainly not over 15 of 1 per cent. that her Cupid is more likely to be a practical fellow than a dreamer.



CUPID IS VERY MUCH INTERESTED IN LEARNING JUST WHAT THE ROMANTIC MODERN WOMAN DESIRES.

carry a questionnaire then bows and arrows. Or, as Mrs. Banning puts it: "So many girls have preliminary problems before they marry—so many courtships are painful, harassed affairs these days—so many moonlit nights are spent" (she might have written "spoilt") "in putting questions which do not read, 'Will you love me always?' but 'Will I be able to maintain my individuality?'"

Or if she doesn't say that, she says, "After we're married, are you going to be boss?" "I've always earned my own money—will you let me keep on?" "Do you expect me to 'go my own work?'" "Do you want children?"

Yet the explanation is simple and even reassuring. The New Courtship—a sort of Higher Chateaubriand, as it were—doubtless is the result of the New Cigarette, the very latest thing in flirt, points out Mrs. Banning.

"Perhaps the modern substitute for the coquetry of the old-fashioned woman before marriage," she writes, "is the introduction of 'problems' into her love-making. The man still courts—'more discreetly than he used to, but much after the same plan—but whereas the woman of a generation ago was supposed to lead generation ago was supposed to lead him a whimsical chase, now giving him a withdrawal her favor, refusing to admit her feelings, the typical woman of to-day is apt to admit her feelings readily enough, but she includes her submission to them by the introduction of a host of 'problems.'"

"Sometimes it is the problem of whether she wants to have children

her question. She asks: 'And if this love does not turn out well, what then? Shall I be wrecked?'"

What Sort of Love Does the Modern Girl Want?

Mrs. Banning has a wise answer to that question. "Each of us loves his or her own kind of love. I've known people who found greatest delight in giving up things for the people they care about. I've known others whose joy was in possession of the person loved—and there are people who love by sharing and having children, and people who think that they are enough to another in themselves and children would be an interference and a hindrance. The point is to find out what you are suited for and to carry out your own job with the right person."

What Sort of Love Does the Modern Girl Give?

"The woman of to-day is not miserly," answers the author of "This Marriage." "She has no idea—not nearly so much as her old-fashioned sister—of doing out her love. She is a marvelous spender. But she is not a miserly spender, and she has had enough of teaching in the economics of life to demand value received. If love is worth while she is capable of giving everything magnificently. If it is not, she grudges giving, having put permanently behind her the theory that woman's lot is pitiful and one of resignation. And yet sometimes she does give everything, knowing it is a gamble, just as the girl of the old game gave everything, enough, even when her lover's 'love you always' rang false in her ears."

DOING AWAY WITH TROUBLESOME THINGS

By Sophie Irene Loeb.

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FOR about four years, in my little house in the woods, a little squirrel has built his nest in a corner of the house just over my bedroom.

For four years every morning that little squirrel would start at 5 or 6 o'clock to eat his breakfast, roll his nuts around and then scamper across the roof.

This little nest he snugly built between the eaves so that it could not be seen. Several times we endeavored to find it, but without success, as the hole by which he entered was far from the place that he made his home.

How I suffered from sleeplessness no one can imagine. Every time I spoke of it to those about, they laughed it off as a joke and the thing was forgotten.

But early in the morning, just when I wanted to sleep the most, I was disturbed. I continually put off doing something about it, forgetting all ways that the morning was to come and that the disturbance would come just the same.

Came the day when I could bear it no longer. There were hours of endorserd wakefulness, and I determined that not another day should pass until I had found the exact place and had made Mr. Squirrel move his abode elsewhere than over my bedroom.

When I finally did go to work, determined not to quit until I found it, it was only a very short time until I discovered the exact spot. We took out the nuts, put them on the roof where he could get them, and nailed up the inclosure, presuming that he would realize that he was dispossessed and would go to live in the nearby woods where there are thousands of places for him and where he would not disturb any one.

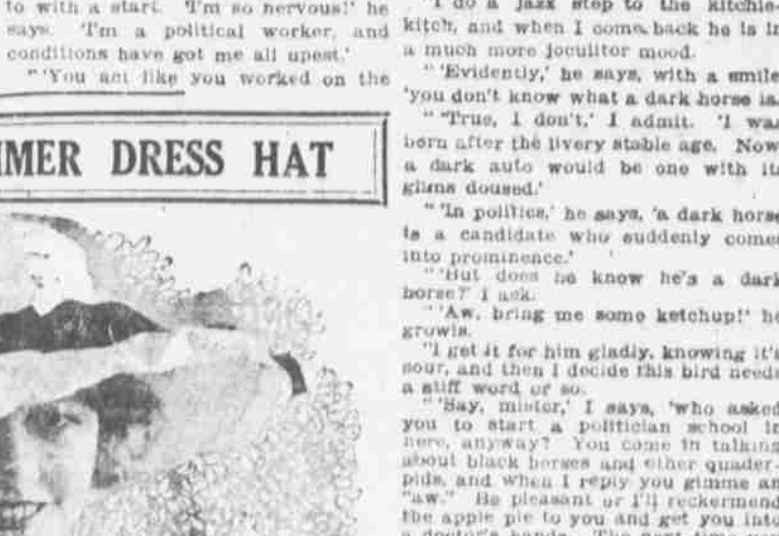
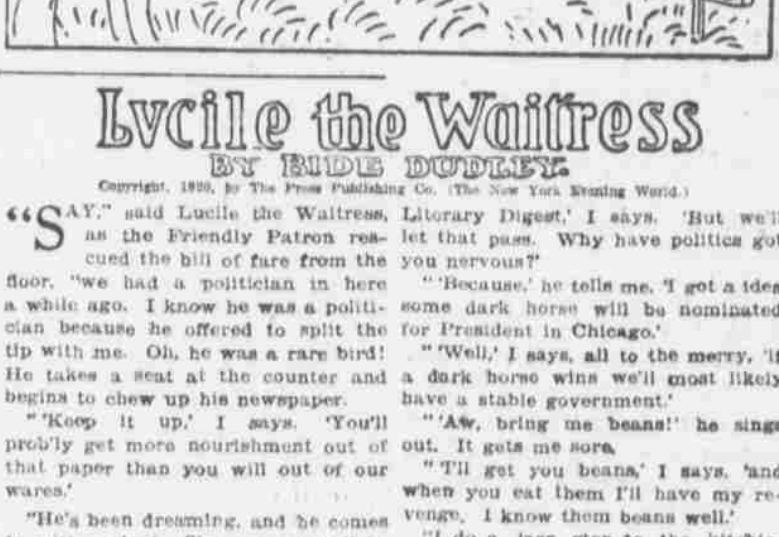
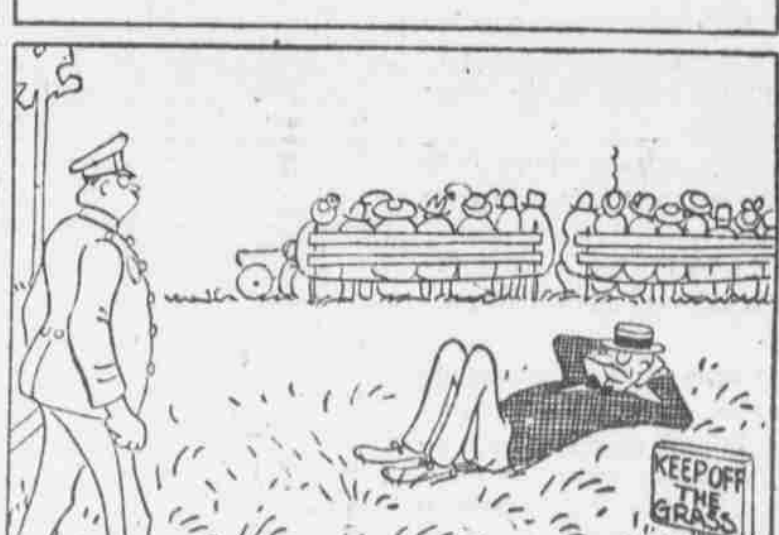
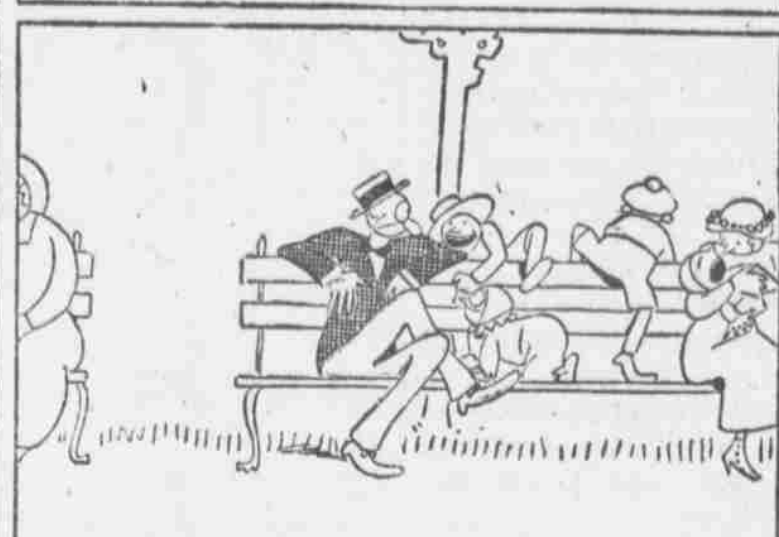
Also there was a door in the inclosure.

It was a matter of a few days before the squirrel was back in the house. He had found the door and had made his home in the corner of the house just over my bedroom. He had found the door and had made his home in the corner of the house just over my bedroom. He had found the door and had made his home in the corner of the house just over my bedroom.

The Day of Rest!

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By Maurice Ketten



OUR GRADUATES

Many a Clarence Looking for Work Will Have Gold Bonds Thrust in His Hands to Sell When He Really Should Have a Wheelbarrow Pushed at Him.

By Neal R. O'Hara.

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FEW things cause atmospheric disturbances like April showers, the May storm and the June college graduates. In a few days now, the St. Louis boys will grab their degrees and commence making faces at the world. It's a way they have. After forty-eight hours of commencement bocus-pocus any college guy is willing to meet the world half-way with the sheepskin banner in one hand and bolt of gingham. Nor will the dope on Shakespeare's sonnets make a ledger clerk out of a soft-bellied egg solved, theories to be righted or An Archie that's been all the way movements to be pushed, the fresh from the Trojan War to trigonometry can tell all he knows about

going to be hopeless without an auctioneer's license. The odds of roses and request are as much alike as a student that leads the cheers and a graduate that used to! A sap that's spent four years thinking according to Homer or playing according to Hoyle has a swell jounce waiting for him in his quest for a Good Posiah. The dope on ancient Greek and modern gambling won't aid in shipping a sheepskin banner in one hand and bolt of gingham. Nor will the dope on Shakespeare's sonnets make a ledger clerk out of a soft-bellied egg solved, theories to be righted or An Archie that's been all the way movements to be pushed, the fresh from the Trojan War to trigonometry can tell all he knows about



The World Says to the College Graduate: "Show ME!"

It is traditional that the new-butter and eggs and still be as quiet crowned Bachelor of Arts shall have as a correspondence school campus. But in spite of all that, the college trouble with colleges to-day is that they teach you What To Be instead of how to be it. A smart college student can tell you how to get a Clarence looking for work will have a prescription, but he's dumb gold bonds thrust in his hands to sell on how to get one. A lot of well-informed A. B.s can talk Greek morning, noon and night, but few of 'em can eat as regular as that.

Too many wise Ales will hunt for before they snap out of their state the square root of 4,781,235 when of coma, just like the non-college they ought to be chasing the root of guys are carpenters and bricklayers, all evil. The colleges seem to forget the collector sticks to selling bonds till he gets help to the fact that it's the Pay Envelope. Science and bricklayers he's selling 'em so! Classics should be spelled with an Wharpsen the Masons' Union initiates a new and valued member.

Plenty of bright Alexanders that and there's a bond job open to the should lead their class in history next fancy husband that staggers in have only led it in chee-a. The from commencement. Labor adjusts trouble with rah-rah-rah acrobatics itself at last.

is that they only count when there's a college graduate has learned something to cheer for. And you nothing till he looks over the modern can't expect an ex-cheer-leader to wage scale. The first thing he follow his trade when \$12 is all he learns after leaving college is that gets each week to yell about.

If a guy has to be in the air for his health, then leading the cheers which is the college where the walk isn't wasting time. But a yell mas- ing delegates are the cheer leaders. ter that faces the frosty world is And get paid for it!

Mr. O'Hara will cover the Chicago convention for The Evening World and write in his inimitable humorous vein his observations of the high spots. Watch for them. They will be a treat!

Here's a New One—Hot Air Metre

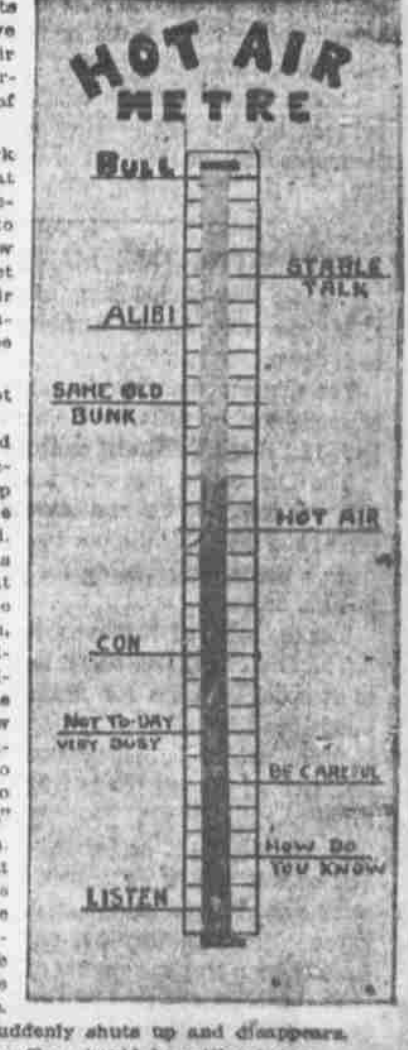
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"TIE that bull outside!" But in case some one insists on dragging him in, we picture here the famous "Hot Air Metre," the invention of Billy Warnecke, a photographer on the staff of The Evening World.

When the bars closed along Park Row some of the boys decided that The Evening World Photograph Department would be a fine place to hang out. They'd come in, borrow the makings from Billy, rest their feet on his desk and tell the story of their life. They would also chirp their opinions about Prohibition and who'd be the next President.

The simple invention of "The Hot Air Metre" was settled all this. It is a piece of cardboard, painted to represent a barometer. A moveable elastic tape runs through the top and bottom of the card. Half the tape is white, the rest is dyed red. When all is silent the barometer rests at zero, only the white showing. But when the goofs who bat high in the conversational league get into high, or the movie actor friends start telling about their salaries, or the hard-boiled egg laments the passing of the free lunch, or the commuter tells how big the tomato vines are in his backyard, some one steps quietly over to the metre and pulls up the red tape to "con," "hot air" or "same old bunk."

"It's not that I'm a drinking man. I can touch it or leave it alone. But it's the principle of the thing—it's that I don't like being told what I've got to eat and drink!"—says the family oil can. Bill steps over to the wall and pulls the tape. Slowly the red in the barometer begins to rise. And when the f. o. c. notes it he suddenly shuts up and disappears. It's a great invention, mees. No office should be without one.



The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCordell.

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"GRACIOUS!" cried Mrs. Jarr, enough to ask her to lunch with us and to pay for all she ate! I wish you had listened to me and let her pass us, instead of springing out on her."

"You got out!" said Mr. Jarr. "I was keeping him all right; you dragged me out and intercepted her."

"Well, I was afraid she might have seen us pass her up and told her husband, and he might have made trouble for you at the office, because he's just that kind of man! One has to be civil to that sort of people when their husbands work where your husband does. But she's a woman I despise and I have no use for the sneak of a husband of hers, either!"

"What did you invite her to come to see us for, then?" asked Mr. Jarr. "My goodness!" replied Mrs. Jarr. "I have to be polite! She well knows I didn't mean it!"

Then, seeing that the lady in question was likely to pass them on her way to the third floor—oilcloth, rugs, picture frames, school supplies, children's shoes, hats, harness, toys and ladies' suits—Mrs. Jarr pounced out on her exclaiming: "Why, my dear Mrs. Jenkins! Were you going to pass me by without speaking?" And then the two ladies kissed each other and remarked in the same breath: "How well you are looking! You are not as stout as you were. What exercises are you taking?"

Neither lady made any reply to the questions, but plunged at once into a babble of talk as to how the children were, how the weather had been, what trouble they had lately with servants, and how high everything was. Finally Mrs. Jarr turned to Mr. Jarr and asked sharply, "Don't you see Mrs. Jenkins?"

"I have been bowing to her for the last ten minutes while you two have been telling each other the horrid story of your lives!" grumbled Mr. Jarr.

"Oh, I'll be bound you'd say that!" said Mrs. Jarr, sharply, and then, turning to Mrs. Jenkins who remarked: "You mustn't take any notice of him, my dear. He positively makes me ashamed of him the way he goes mooning around, not seeing anybody—at least not seeing the kind of people it is a pleasure to know. Now if it were some of his chums—but there! What's the use of saying anything? The men are all alike."

Then, after luncheon in the store restaurant, the ladies began dragging Mr. Jarr around the place in an orgy of shopping, in which he had prodigiously ordered goods to be sent home "collected"—to be refused when brought to them—they came to the parting of their ways, after he most cordial invitations to visit with other and spend the day.

"Do you ever see such a woman?" asked Mrs. Jarr as she took Mr. Jarr's arm and led him out of the store. "The idea of her expecting us ever to go out again to East Malarie, that terrible suburban place where she lives! I thought we'd never get rid of her. And you were so

Lucile the Waitress

By EIDE DUDLEY.

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"SAY," said Lucile the Waitress, Library Digest, I says. 'But well let that pass. Why have politics got the bill of fare from the you nervous?'"

"Because," he tells me, 'I got a idea some dark horse will be nominated for President in Chicago.'"

"Well, I don't," I admit. 'I was born after the livery stable age. Now, a dark auto would be one with its glims doused.'"

"In politics," he says, 'a dark horse is a candidate who suddenly comes into prominence.'"

"But does he know he's a dark horse?" I ask.

"Aw, bring me ketchup!" he growls.

"I get it for him gladly, knowing it's sour, and then I decide this bird needs a salt word or so."

"Say, mister," I says, 'who asked you to start a politician school in here, anyway? You come in talking about black horses and other quader-pins and when I reply you glimme an 'aw.' He pleasant or I'll reckermend the apple pie to you and get you into a doctor's hands. The next time you bring a dark horse in here just keep it dark, will you?'"

"He smiles and eats for a brief period. When he's through he says to me: 'What's the usual tip you get?'"

"Some dubs hand me a dime!" I says. "But most gentlemen slip me a quarter."

"Well," he says, 'you couldn't call a man as grouchy as me a gentleman. Guess I'm a dub.' I'll split it with you. After I pay for this lousy meal all I'll have left is a nickel.'"

"Well," he says, 'you couldn't call a man as grouchy as me a gentleman. Guess I'm a dub.' I'll split it with you. After I pay for this lousy meal all I'll have left is a nickel.'"



This Charming Dress Hat Is Designed In Blue Taffeta. The Only Trimming Is a Flat Bow of Black Velvet Ribbon.